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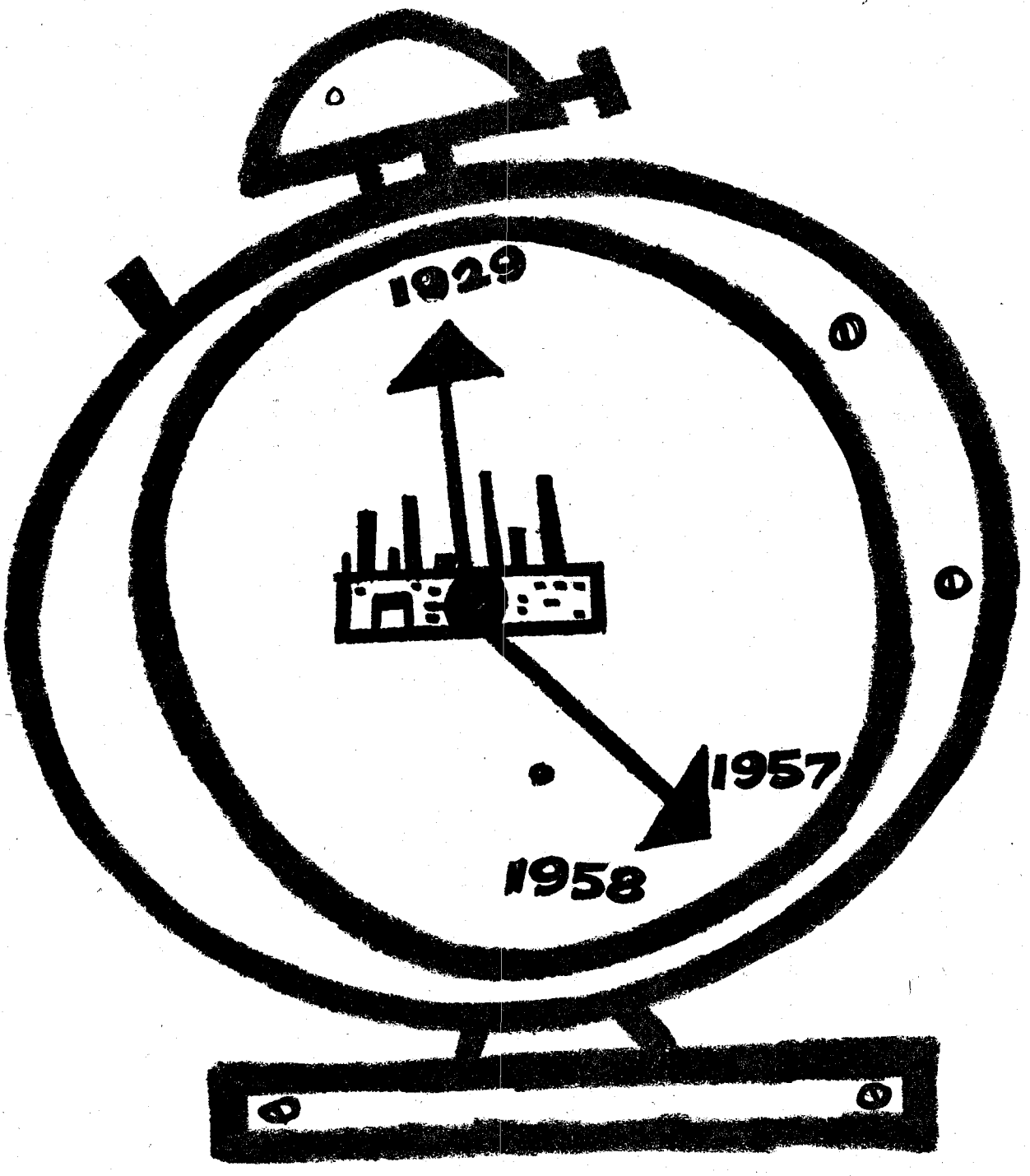

THE COMING DEPRESSION . . by Paul Baran

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LETTERS

Humanists and Issues

Dear Sirs: Dr. Robert McAfee Brown's review of the books on religion by Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley (*The Nation*, November 30), was needlessly condescending and irrelevant. Dr. Brown chides the distinguished humanists for fighting nineteenth-century battles without naming the real issues of contemporary Christianity he accuses them of side-stepping. As a Union Seminary alumnus who has read both Huxley and Russell, may I say that these two writers deal very ably and at times brilliantly with the twentieth-century issues of religion. Dr. Brown, for all his urbanity and good will, should have named some of the real grounds (as he sees them) for "not being a Christian." Frankly, Russell and Huxley are probably well aware of these grounds, and know that "man, intelligence and science" are indeed the issues and that no theological sophistry from the seminaries alters that fact. The burden of proof is still on Dr. Brown to name the issues he feels these two authors so obtusely circumvent.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
Minister, First Unitarian Church
Los Angeles, California

Sewanee's New Writers

Dear Sirs: Mr. Webster Schott, in his article, Fiction in the Magazines (*The Nation*, October 5,), says "The *Sewanee Review, Kenyon Review* and *Partisan Review* seldom publish new writers; they adhere to a stylistic and philosophic orthodoxy confirmed by the New Criticism which tends to keep nonbelievers out." He then lists some of the new writers he has in mind. Among them are M. M. Liberman, whose first story was published in the *Sewanee Review* in 1955; Alfred Chester, whose story, As He Was Going Up The Stair, *Sewanee Riview*, spring 1957, is his first American publication; and Eugene Walter, who has been a *Sewanee Review* Fellow in Poetry for 1956-57. A casual glance over *Sewanee Review* for the last few years shows the following stories which were their author's first publication: Betty Sunwall, Things Changed, spring 1956; Smith Kirkpatrick, The Wheel, spring 1955; M. M. Liberman, The Gibbon and the Maple Tree, winter 1955; Danforth Ross, The Cloud, spring 1953; Richard Gray, Isham Street, autumn 1952. If the reader bears in mind that we usually publish only four to six stories a year, this casual sampling is enough to indicate that we do publish new writers.

MONROE K. SPEARS
Editor, *The Sewanee Review*
Sewanee, Tennessee

Egghead Buying Power

Dear Sirs: Patrick D. Hazard's article, A Fast Buck on Sputnik, in your issue of November 23, is a corker. But what does the author mean when he proposes to "take up the slack of factories" by a long-range effort to raise the tastes and intellectual aspirations of the American people"? It would appear to me that "tastes and intellectual aspirations" have precious little purchasing power. Offhand, I would say that this end could better be attained through the perhaps more Utopian expedient of putting more greenbacks into pay envelopes.

Be that as it may, my criticism is not meant to detract one jot from the over-all impact of Mr. Hazard's fine contribution.

SAUL S. SANDS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Not Parasite . . .

Dear Sirs: Maxwell Griffith's analysis (October 18 issue) of the "Tech" graduate engineer as a glorified mechanic, narrow-minded, excluded from the study of history, art, economics, philosophy and languages, and also socially inept, amazes those who study here at Caltech. Caltech's undergraduates spend a minimum of one-fourth of their time studying the humanities.

We have no quarrel with those who demand that the engineer be given a basic education in cultural traditions and human values. But we will strenuously disagree when it is said that the institute of technology is the parasite of the corporation. Tech is not parasitic in the sense that it harms industry. And we will always cry out against those who suggest that industry ought to "change the slant of our curriculum."

JOEL YELLIN
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, California

. . . But Sycophant

Dear Sirs: I still maintain that industry favors too-specialized job training rather than scientific education, and that "Tech's" graduates are warped by an enforced vocational "slant." The corporation's attitude in regard to the technological school might, I think, be deduced from former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson's remark that scientific research is the finding out of "what makes grass green and fried potatoes brown."

In crying out in defense of his best of all possible worlds, Mr. Yellin has pounced upon the biological (technical) definition of the word "parasite." I submit these broader definitions: hanger-on, sycophant, toady.

MAXWELL GRIFFITH
Charleston, S. C.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1957
VOLUME 185, NUMBER 21

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Contrasts

In plush Atlantic City, resort town and convention center, the leaders of the AFL-CIO began the process of drumming the corrupt from their ranks. Only a dozen or so unions, still to be investigated, remain to sully the cadres of organized labor. These too, in their turn, will be McClellanized. Labor will then stand forth shining and pure—a somewhat shrunken *corpus*, to be sure, but bearing on its head the unaccustomed crown of public approval. Yet this somewhat costly acclaim will not be quite sufficient to halt an inevitable tide of anti-labor legislation designed to guarantee labor's purity forever and a day.

And while the AFL-CIO was meeting in Atlantic City, a few hundred subway motormen in New York City, their leaders jailed, struck against what appeared to them to be the unpleasant prospect of being absorbed by the AFL-CIO's Transport Workers Union. With no treasury, no hotel suites, no fat cigars, no protestations of incorruptibility, these men fought with the only weapon at their command against what they believed to be evil. An inconvenienced public waited sullenly in the rain and cold for subway trains that didn't come. *The New York Times* thundered editorially. Public officials outbid themselves castigating this different breed of outlaws.

But as the issues became more clearly seen, there were some observers, perhaps a growing number, who felt that the motormen, fighting their almost hopeless struggle against impossible odds to retain their craft integrity, had purified the air. Perhaps this feeling—which we share—is only a nostalgia for other days when courageous men, sometimes wrongheadedly and stubbornly, struck for what they believed to be right. Perhaps—and yet somehow the cigar smoke and the pious platitudes of the well-paid and now thoroughly respectable statesmen of labor seemed less oppressive last week because a handful of overalled motormen so valiantly refused to join them.

Tired Blood

Rarely has the West gone into collective conference under more lugubrious circumstances than those which marked the opening of the NATO meeting. As we pointed out last week, the men expected to exert leadership are suffering under debilitating handicaps. President Eisenhower and Chancellor Adenauer must hearken to their doctors; Prime Minister Macmillan has been half-crippled by a series of by-election defeats; and so shaky is the French Government that Gaillard, every time he opens his mouth, must wonder whether he speaks as Premier or ex-Premier. But the malaise goes deeper than lack of leadership. One looks in vain for something in the world skies lofty enough to rival the Sputniks; all we see are the tired vapor trails of misfired Vanguards and Thors.

NATO no longer answers Europe's needs. Even the West Germans, who only a short time ago re-elected Adenauer as a symbol of their faith in the West, are beginning to wonder whether Bonn should not withdraw from the Western alliance and proclaim a military neutrality (Associated Press, December 9). From London comes a report that sentiment for opening negotiations with the Soviet Union has been growing in the British Isles and on the continent (*New York Times*, December 7). Moreover, the whole idea of U.S. missile bases in Europe (one of the major questions on the NATO agenda) is alarming to Europeans; who, they are asking, will have ultimate control of the nuclear warhead trigger, an American or a European? It is a pertinent question, though perhaps less pertinent than ten years ago, when it still seemed possible that a world war could ravage Europe and yet leave America comparatively unscathed.

In the midst of this depressing prologue, the Soviet Union again offered Washington bilateral talks. "Same old stuff," was Washington's reply. Same old answer. And old answers are no good any more. Diplomacy is suffering from tired blood.

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Boomerang Bullets

There was no reason to suppose that Spain, any more than France, would be spared the slashing edge of Arab nationalism. But there is a special irony in Franco's difficulties in Ifni, a tiny Spanish enclave in the corner of Northwest Africa. For ten years the Caudillo had been parading as the Great White Father of Islam, encouraging the Moroccans to rebel against the French, supplying the guerrillas with arms, permitting them to train on Spanish territory (see Spain in Africa: Franco Traps Himself, by J. Alvarez del Vayo, *The Nation*, February 11, 1956). This partially Spanish-incited nationalist pressure led France, already in difficulty in Algeria, to recall Sultan Ben Yussef (now Mohammed V, visiting in the United States) to the Moroccan throne; and part of the deal with the French was a tacit understanding that Mohammed's sovereignty extended over Spanish as well as French Morocco. Franco had to accede. Now the Moroccans, having kicked Franco out of Spanish Morocco, are in the process of shooting him out of Ifni with his own rifles. This is not the way Franco would have liked to get his arms back.

The Ifni war will not increase the Caudillo's prestige at home. The tiny enclave is a long way from the empty cupboard and cold hearth of the Spanish peasant, who can think of more useful ways of depleting the Spanish treasury. And even were the Spanish people not so hungry, it is unlikely that Franco could awaken much enthusiasm among them for retaining this foothold in the land of the hated Moor who, in his last wartime appearance on the Spanish landscape, was shooting down Loyalist troops.

By The Light of the Moon

Our moon may only have risen two to four feet off the beach at Florida, but wits of the world from Moscow to Washington have made enough light of it to make it unforgettable. The United States turned the publicity spotlight on the Vanguard rocket weeks before it was ready for firing, and towards the end there were hourly press conferences right on the beach. We managed so successfully to focus the eyes of the world on the effort that, when it exploded, the whole world was watching. In Germany, they called it the *spaetnik* (*spaet* meaning late). In Tokyo they called it the sputternik. In Washington, it earned the title of "Civil Servant" on the grounds that "it won't work and you can't fire it." At the U.N., Russian delegates asked, in the light of the moon, if the U.S. would care to apply for Soviet technical aid to backward countries.

We hope that some of this light will expose again the United States need for a serious re-evaluation of its policy—not just a new publicity handout. In the December 7 *Nation* (before the U.S. rocket had fizzled), C. Wright Mills wrote in his "Program for Peace" that "The need which the Sputniks dramatize is the need to reconsider the terms of the world encounter." The sputternik underlines the need. We have painfully witnessed that publicity and press conferences alone can't make a moon—nor can they substitute for a new, sorely-needed approach to foreign policy.

Footnote to a Statistic

How much are we spending on disarmament?

The Special Disarmament Staff, headed by Harold Stassen, spent $450,000 in fiscal year 1956, $530,000 in fiscal 1957, and has been given $375,000 (note the sharp drop—presumably the crisis is over) for the current fiscal year—a total of $1,355,000 for three years.

To this should be added $87,638 spent by the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament in its first twenty-five months of operations ending August 31, 1957.

This makes a grand total of $1,442,638 spent or pledged on disarmament.*

*Net earnings for Boeing, making aircraft largely for military purposes, were $24,077,427 for the first nine months of 1957.

Labor's Well-Tanned Hide

On the same day that pay increases were announced for scientists in government service, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson called for the junking of the forty-hour week because "it will not produce the I.C.B.M." Things now in existence which are demonstrably incapable of producing the I.C.B.M. are legion; the forty-hour week is not, demonstrably, one of them. But the business of trying to set up labor as a whipping boy is an old custom, and in this instance could have been foreseen. The same thing happened at the outset of World War II, when right-wing groups swore up and down Pennsylvania Avenue that we had less to fear from Japanese Zeroes and German Stukas than from overtime pay for the American workman.

What concerns us is not Senator Johnson's idea—someone is going to tip him off that if the forty-hour week won't produce the I.C.B.M., strikes won't either—but the fact that the legislative leader of the Democratic Party authored it. President Roosevelt's answer to the labor-baiters was to say that labor would work overtime—*at time-and-a-half*. Here is as good an example as any of what has happened to the Democratic Party since the days of the New Deal.

Perhaps it is timely to remind Senator Johnson that Russia found no reason to abandon communism when it was lagging in the development of atomic weapons. Are we so unsure of our own economic system that we must abandon it at the first sign of competition?

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THE COMING DEPRESSION . . *by Paul A. Baran*

THAT ALL economic signposts now point toward a considerable decline of output, income and employment in the United States is universally recognized. The stock market has acknowledged the fact in its own unmistakable fashion; all organs of economic opinion have expressed it in more or less explicit terms; even the stubborn Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System is apparently willing to concede that inflation is no longer the foremost threat to the economy and has made a reluctant move toward cheaper money. Yet this remarkable consensus of speculators, economic commentators and government officials is quite deceptive: it refers to no more than the sheer surface of the matter and applies only to the shortest-term economic outlook. Behind the consensus lurks a wide divergence of views on the nature and significance of the impending setback, on its probable extent and duration and, accordingly, on the longer-range prospects for our economy and our society.

The most complacent school of thought, of which President Eisenhower, Federal Reserve Chairman Martin, Secretary of Commerce Weeks and other Administration leaders are the outstanding spokesmen, espouses what might be called the "breather" doctrine. This philosophy reflects the conviction that none of the generally registered storm signals gives cause for serious concern, that the economy is firmly launched on a long-term upward movement, and that what we are currently facing is merely one of those unpredictable random disturbances which go as fast as they come and which represent no more than a short interruption of an indefinitely lasting prosperity. The rationale for this buoyant outlook is by no means readily established. If there is one, it would have to be sought in some vague notion that in 1945 we entered an altogether "new era" to which "old-fashioned" historical and economic reasoning no longer applies. Consequently our future is to be read in a trend line projecting *ad infinitum* the experience of the postwar boom. That is to say, the trend line is to be seen not merely as a description of what occurred under the extraordinary circumstances of a hectic decade, but a compelling principle determining economic development for a long time to come. It goes without saying that there is not much virtue in this kind of extrapolation; a "theory" based upon it simply assumes at the outset the answer that it is supposed to provide, and thus begs the urgent question on the likely course of future events.

No less optimistic, if much more sophisticated, is the position held primarily by a number of prominent economists. While subscribing "in principle" to the traditional view of the inevitability of economic crisis under capitalism, this influential group nevertheless supports the prophets of the "perpetual boom" by contending that the capitalist society of today has mastered at last the art of dealing with depression and unemployment, and therefore no longer needs to fear the recurrence of major slumps. This confidence is based on two distinct lines of reasoning. In the first place, the structural changes in our economy that have taken place in the course of the last twenty-five years are considered to have greatly reduced the "depression-proneness" of our system, and accordingly have enhanced its intrinsic stability and resilience. Secondly, the so-called Keynesian revolution in economics is supposed to have provided the fundamental insights needed for economic stabilization; modern theory of income and employment, having gone a long way towards a clarification of the factors responsible for short-term changes in the level of economic activity, is relied upon to specify the measures necessary to cope with both deflationary and inflationary situations.

It is primarily the former argument — pointing to the presence of so-called "built-in stabilizers" in the economy — that has made a strong impression on public opinion. Yet, whatever truth the argument may contain, the over-all claims made in its behalf would seem to be rather extravagant. Indeed, what are those "built-in stabilizers," and what can be reasonably expected from them in case of need? For convenience's sake, we may group them under three headings and consider each.

FIRST of all, there are the legislative measures introduced during the thirties and developments since World War II which have greatly modified the *financial* framework of business activity. The supervision over the stock exchanges exercised by the Securities and Exchange Commission has greatly limited, if not entirely eliminated, trading in "South Sea bubble" shares in American security markets. The Federal Reserve Board's control over margin requirements has curtailed speculative activities in Wall Street and thus markedly reduced the vulnerability of dealers and investors in stocks and bonds. Neither a flood of forced sales accentuating and accelerating a downward movement of stock prices, nor a wave of suicides by hapless financiers, need now paralyze business and consumer

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PAUL A. BARAN, professor of economics at Stanford University, is the author of the recently published The Political Economy of Growth *(New York, Monthly Review Press, 1957).*

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spending. Perhaps even more important, the banking system at the present time is in a very much stronger position than ever before. The succession of bank failures and subsequent bank mergers that had marked the thirties and gained momentum during the last decade disposed of a multitude of rickety banks and substituted for them a relatively small number of strong, competently managed institutions. Also—and this is crucial—the investments held by these institutions bear very little resemblance to what they were, say, in the twenties. Instead of highly dubious foreign debentures, they now include gilt-edged securities issued by the United States Government; F.H.A. and V.A. guaranteed mortgages have replaced farm and real-estate loans that went into default as soon as the drop in farm income and employment deprived debtors of their ability to maintain payments. The consumers' debt held today by the banks can be considered to be a fairly sound portfolio; even in worst times the majority of installment buyers usually continue to meet their obligations. And the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's guarantee of small and medium-sized bank deposits all but rules out a run on the banks on the part of alarmed bank customers. If one further takes into account that, as a result of seventeen years of nearly uninterrupted prosperity and spectacular growth of big business, most large and important firms have now sufficient reserves to withstand quite a lot of stormy weather, there is all the more reason for discounting the danger of a major wave of bankruptcies sweeping the country and shattering the foundations of our economic system.

Thus the first category of "built-in stabilizers" — those having to do with the maintenance of *liquidity* under conditions of a business downturn—undoubtedly represents a significant prop to stability. It would be a fallacy to believe, however, that the existence of this prop precludes, or even reduces, the possibility of a major depression. What it probably does safeguard against is the kind of cataclysmic financial panics which marked the nineteenth century and ushered in the Great Depression of the early thirties. To be sure, the avoidance of such panics and of their chain reactions could well change the course of the crisis itself, may even render it less acute, but there is nothing here to *prevent* depression or even to lessen significantly its over-all impact on income and employment.

THE SECOND group of "built-in stabilizers" comprises farm-price supports and public (as well as union-financed) relief payments to unemployed. The social desirability of these arrangements is obvious. By maintaining a rather low floor under the consumption of farmers hit by declining prices, and of workers rendered jobless by spreading layoffs, they can mitigate the depression-caused contraction in consumers' expenditures. As a result, the over-all drop of income and employment is bound to be smaller than if these provisions did not exist. Yet the difference is unlikely to amount to much. Long before "built-in stabilizers" were discovered, some poor relief was doled out by local authorities and charitable organizations; it never was able to affect markedly the course of a depression, let alone to prevent one altogether. Still, just as there is strong reason for expecting that our first group of "built-in stabilizers" may eliminate the financial-panic-cum-liquidity-crisis aspect of depressions, so it can be hoped that the second group may somewhat reduce the suffering and privations traditionally associated with economic crises and unemployment.

This brings us to the third (and last) variety of "built-in stabilizers," which relates to the volume of government spending and the structure of government revenues. The relevant argument runs approximately as follows: The magnitude of government expenditures is determined not by the conditions prevailing in the economy, but by a set of more or less independent decisions and commitments. Thus outlays for the maintenance of the military establishment, interest payments on the national debt, costs of public administration and the like will remain unaffected by changes in the level of national income, in fact may even increase as national income declines (through increased payments to unemployed). Not so the government's receipts from taxation, which are bound to shrink if business as a whole enters a period of contraction. What is more, if the tax structure is progressive—that is, if higher tax rates are applied to higher incomes than to lower incomes—a decline of total taxable income must lead to a more than proportionate drop in aggregate tax payments. Consequently, a mechanism exists which automatically produces a gap between government expenditures and government revenues, thus creating a deficit in the government budget. This, in turn, means that in a depression the government would necessarily *add* to the income stream more than it would *withdraw* from it, the difference providing a pump-priming effect on the economy. Needless to say, this effect can only be appreciable if the government's tax receipts and expenditures are *large,* that is, if they constitute a significant share of national income. Since such is now the case in this country (it was not in the late twenties), this particular "built-in stabilizer" enjoys a great deal of prestige among those who believe that a major depression is out of the question at the present time.

THERE IS certainly nothing wrong with the underlying reasoning; however, it provides much less ground for optimism than might seem at first blush. It boils down to the proposition that given a large and *stable* volume of government outlays, the decline in private income and expenditure will be offset *to some extent* by the maintained spending on the part of the government. Obviously, the crucial question is the *magnitude* of this offset —and it is self-evident that this could not amount to more than a fraction, and a small fraction at that, of the original drop in effective private demand. In other words, this "built-in stabilizer," like the others, may be counted upon to serve as a brake on the downward movement, to cushion somewhat the fall. None of them, singly or jointly, can

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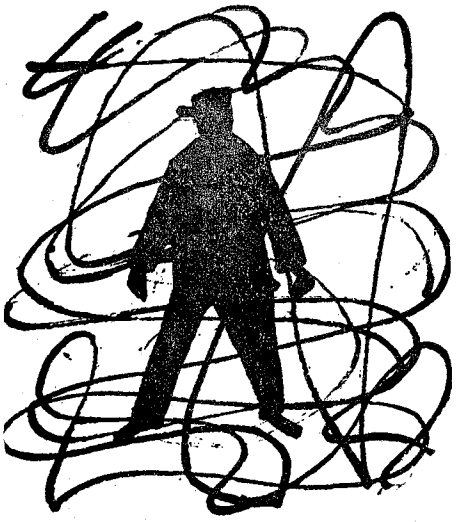
be reasonably expected to prevent a depression, significantly affect its scope or markedly shorten its duration.

But what about the other current of thought, the one that relies not upon our "built-in stabilizers," but upon faith in our increased understanding of the economic process and in our better insight into the causes of economic crises and the requirements of counter-cyclical policy? Could not the government make use of the achievements of modern economics, and adopt such measures as may be needed not only to prevent a depression, but to assure a steady expansion of output and income? Considered abstractly, this view appears to be entirely plausible. Indeed, the factors responsible for the current decline, and which are likely to cause further contraction of business activity, are by no means shrouded in mystery. The investment boom of the postwar decade gives every indication of drawing to a close. With productive capacities in nearly all industries exceeding current requirements by a considerable margin, businessmen become increasingly reluctant to expand further their plants and facilities. Similarly, with many prices stabilized and with others (particularly those of raw materials) seriously weakening, there is not only no inclination to enlarge existing inventories, but rather an increasingly pronounced tendency to reduce them. Aggregate investment is thus headed downwards, and in 1958 is likely to be considerably lower than it was this year. At the same time our export surplus, which in the last few years constituted an important offset to domestic savings, has begun to shrink. For this there are many reasons: the expansion of imports has been lagging behind the steady increase of exports; revenues from holdings abroad are catching up with new capital investment in foreign countries; the United States Government's foreign aid has been steadily declining. As a result, foreign countries are less and less in a position to find the dollars needed to pay for our export surpluses and are forced to take recourse to exchange controls and import restrictions of all kinds to maintain their balance-of-payments equilibrium.



Contrary to the opinion frequently encountered under such circumstances, it is immaterial that consumers' expenditures have remained high. Under more or less normal conditions—such as those prevailing at the present time—consumers' spending can be counted on to constitute a fairly stable proportion of disposable income. But for this spending to become a *dynamic* factor, causing upward or downward changes in general business conditions, there must be a *shift* in the proportion; in other words, there must be an increase or a decrease in the *share* of disposable income devoted respectively to spending and saving. Not that such shifts do not occur, both in the long run (slowly), and in the short run (suddenly). Yet there is no indication at the present time that such a change is likely to affect the short-term economic prospects. From such scattered and obviously preliminary information as is available, it would not appear that the 1958 automobile is inducing buyers to borrow heavily (i.e. to reduce their aggregate savings) in order to finance purchases. Nor would it seem that Santa Claus this year is digging his hands deeper than usual into the consumers' pockets.

WHILE AN *upward* shift of consumers' spending (as a proportion of disposable income) appears to be rather unlikely, there is at the present time a serious possibility of a *downward* shift. The fact that a very large share of current consumers' spending is earmarked for *durable* goods undoubtedly represents a dangerous "built-in *de*stabilizer" of the economy. Purchases of such goods —as different from those of food, liquor, tobacco and the like—are by their nature *postponable*, and a feeling of waning job security, of uncertainty about the future, or merely an expectation of significantly lower prices, may easily reduce the aggregate outlays on houses, deep freezers, washing machines and TV sets, correspondingly increasing personal saving (as a proportion of disposable income).

IN THIS SETTING, there are three directions from which a lift may be expected:

1. Residential construction, which has been holding up remarkably well, from now on will be subject to two opposite pressures. As growing unemployment and the expectation of lower prices will tend to curb its expansion, or even to push it below present volume, so cheaper and easier mortgage money may well give it an important shot in the arm. This significant corner of our economic landscape calls for careful observation—although it can hardly be expected to offset by itself the deflationary pressures generated in the investment and export sectors of the economic system.

2. Technological developments giving rise to important new products or forcing wholesale scrapping of existing facilities, may lead to a new burst of private investment. While the possibility of such developments cannot be gainsaid, they would not seem to be very probable at this time. While science is undoubtedly making spectacular progress, most of what may become the commercial technology of tomorrow is still in the blueprint stage today. Neither the exploitation of atomic energy for peaceful uses, nor the application of automation (and electronics) to industrial purposes, is likely to give rise to major capital outlays in the most immediate future. The powerful urge (and ability) of monopolistic business first to amortize its vast investments undertaken since the end of the war will undoubtedly prove a serious deterrent to rapid

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adoption of new equipment and new techniques for many years.

3. Thus the only sector of the economy that could stimulate the waning energies of the "free enterprise system" and at least temporarily banish the ghost of a serious depression, is the government. The exact shape of the combined government budgets (federal, state and local) for the calendar year 1958 cannot yet be foreseen. Yet no major increase in government spending seems to be in the offing. A considerable number of local bond issues were defeated at the polls last November; municipal authorities complain about difficulties in securing funds they need, and total outlays on roads, schools, hospitals and the like are likely to remain in 1958 about what they were this year. While larger federal spending on the missile program is safely to be assumed, the possibilities of such an increase are narrowly limited by the nature of the program; the increase, moreover, may well be offset by contraction of military spending in other directions. Under the circumstances, a tax reduction would be the only "shot in the arm" to be expected from Washington, yet tax cuts seem still to be anathema to Congress and the Administration alike. And in any case, even if cuts should come they would likely be too late to avert the slump.

One thing is very clear: neither Keynesian economics nor any other imaginative principles are guiding those who are responsible for the conduct of our national affairs. Neither the growing excess capacity of our productive plant nor mounting unemployment suggests to our "leaders" the possibility of massive slum clearance in our cities, of wholesale revamping of our scandalous educational system or the opportunity of effectively aiding (at last!) India and other backward countries in their desperate struggle against disease and starvation. The Republicans stick stoutly and obtusely to their religion of business as usual, worshiping daily at the altar of the balanced budget; the Democrats demagogically and recklessly advocate more spending for military purposes and accelerated preparation for war as the only protection against the gathering storm of depression. All pipe dreams about the welfare state are reserved for election years; when it comes down to practical business, not insights and ideals but interests and expediencies run the show.

GOVERNOR COLLINS of FLORIDA

THE FINE ART of MODERATION . . *by William L. Rivers*

Coral Gables, Florida

SEVEN THOUSAND delegates to the Southern Presbyterian Men's Convention were gathered on the night of October 10 in a converted airplane hangar in Miami known as Dinner Key Auditorium. They were to be welcomed by Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins. The delegates expected to hear the usual meaningless "words of welcome," and with Billy Graham scheduled to make the major address the next evening, they were saving their enthusiasm. (In fact, some of the delegates' wives, at least, were saving themselves; Graham drew 10,000.)

For the first few minutes of Collins' speech, it seemed that the prejudgment had been accurate. The Governor began traditionally, relating an anecdote, then paying tribute to his state in that prideful way governors have. But when he began a parable about Pontius Pilate, there was a difference. It was obvious that the newly crowned "leading Southern moderate" would deal with the theme of the convention, "All the Way for Christ," by relating it to segregation.

After describing how Pilate symbolically washed his hands while turning Jesus over to the rabble, Collins said, "Real strength must show and shine even when a strong man is under the pressure of a mob. You and I today are under the pressure of a mob . . . people who are motivated by emotions beyond those of love for God and love for their fellowmen. They are monsters. . . ."

Collins then told of the firing of Dr. Deborah Coggins, a public-health physician who served three North Florida towns. In September, 1956, Dr. Coggins and a Negro nurse who worked under her discussed several cases while they ate sandwiches together in the back room of a restaurant in Madison. "The people heard about it and the mob gathered," Governor Collins recounted. "Citizens went to the county commissioners and cried, 'Fire her! She has violated the traditions and customs of the Southland. Fire her!' " Then, leaning out over the delegates, Collins asked, "Where in that situation were our Presbyterians? Where were our Methodists? Our Episcopalians? Where were all our churchmen? Where were all of our people who are dedicated to this proposition of 'All the Way for Christ'? Did they go before these county commissioners and say, 'Don't! This is wrong!'? No, they called for the bowl, and they washed their hands. . . ." On that caustic note, Governor Collins concluded.

In justice to the Southern Presbyterians, they took this slap and answered it with applause. It was generally conceded, in fact, that Collins' fifteen-minute "welcome" had been the high point of the convention. One layman said, "Billy Graham had the big opportunity, but Governor Collins used it." The Presbyterian *Outlook* reprinted the Governor's speech, and apologized for Graham with, "After this, it seemed

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that any speaker would be largely anti-climactic."

But in their repentant rush to congratulate Collins for reminding them that they had been hard to find when the Lord's work was at hand, the Southern Presbyterians missed the biggest opportunity. They could have answered Collins' question with a better one: Where, during the Dr. Coggins incident, was LeRoy Collins, Episcopalian?

Now it's true that when he learned of the firing of Dr. Coggins, the Governor said, "It cannot be squared with right and justice and conscience. . . ." But he added a loud echo from the segregationist South: "This would never have occurred two years ago. It is a by-product of the passions aroused by efforts to coerce integration of the races against the will of the people." Moreover, when Mrs. Flo Way, a schoolteacher, defended Dr. Coggins and was asked to resign, Governor Collins was silent. And when School Superintendent Desmond Bishop told the teacher, "You just jumped into this and it was none of your business," it was not Collins but Mrs. Way who reminded Bishop that "Justice is everybody's business."

THIS strange contrast between Collins' speech to the Presbyterians and his own actions is only one of many paradoxes. Another came two days later when Collins put his signature on a bill calling for automatic closing of any school to which troops are sent in a racial emergency.

And a whole nest of paradoxes can be seen in a chronological examination of Governor Collins' major speeches. Searching his first inaugural address of January, 1955, for *any* statement on segregation is a vain exercise. In his twenty-six page message to the Legislature delivered in April, 1955, there are two short paragraphs which can be summarized in two sentences:

> Segregation in the public schools is part of Florida's custom and law. I will use all the lawful power of the governor's office to preserve this custom and law.

His position during the rest of 1955 and the first few months of 1956 was little different. Then he was re-elected Governor in the spring of 1956, and was safe for four years.

On January 8, 1957 (four months after the firing of Dr. Coggins), LeRoy Collins delivered his second inaugural address. From a standing start, he began with that speech to describe a steadily rising "liberal" trajectory that in nine months landed him in the foremost place among the Southern moderates.

In that inaugural address, Collins was unequivocal: "The Supreme Court decisions are the law of the land. And this nation's strength and Florida's strength are bottomed upon the basic reverse premise that ours is a land of the law." He went further, reading the voters of Florida a kind of lecture on hate ("We can never find the answer by destroying the human spirit") and obstruction ("And we should admit that our attitude generally in the past has been obstructive all along the line").

THERE were similar utterances in succeeding months, but the pivotal speech was made before the Southern Governors' Conference. The assigned title was "Can a Southerner Be Elected President?" Predictably, Collins answered in the affirmative, and, also predictably, his pattern for a Southern President was cut largely from platitudes. But Governor Collins emphasized the paramount importance of the race question with:

> The greatest danger in the South is that our people will fail to understand the change taking place all around them. They must not forget that the first law of nature is change, and that the second is the survival of those who put themselves in accord with this change. This is what our Southern leadership must recognize if it expects to be listened to on the national scene.
>
> We can learn from the tragic example of Edmund Ruffin, the Virginian who happened to be the one who fired the first shot on Fort Sumter. By no means was this his greatest achievement. Ruffin had remarkable foresight and understanding of what the South could be if it would practice soil conservation, then a scoffed-at innovation.
>
> The Civil War kept him from ever seeing his vision and hopes materialized. He was consumed with his hostility to the Union and his devotion to the cause of the Confederacy. When he got the news that the South had lost the war, Ruffin, asking that his body be wrapped in a Confederate blanket and buried, took his own life in abject despair.
>
> If the South should wrap itself in a Confederate blanket and consume itself in racial fervor, it would surely miss its greatest opportunity for channeling into a wonderful future the products of change now taking place. And we should face up to the fact that it would bury itself politically for decades to come.

The liberal editorial writers needed no other documentation; Collins became the leading Southern moderate after that speech. And the trajectory continued to rise. Two weeks after the speech at the Southern Governors' Conference, Governor Collins put his question to the Southern Presbyterians. One month later, he told the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association:

> The South is at one of history's crossroads. We can miss our great opportunity and go blindly down a road of turmoil and frenzy, or we can seize the opportunity to clear the emotional atmosphere and undertake our rightful responsibilities. . . . The greatest roadblock to progress I have yet encountered is the disease of racial intolerance and furor.

The reaction to these speeches is the most remarkable paradox: While the North was applauding "this new, bold leader of the sensible South," Southern audiences responded as though they were hearing the Gospel. Governor Marvin Griffin of Georgia qualified his praise of the Southern Governors' Conference speech with, "We cannot escape reality . . . there are obstacles to overcome," but he also said, "It was a wonderful speech and I agreed with most of it." Governor Orval Faubus of Darkest Arkansas qualified his reaction not at all. "A great speech," he said.

A tempting explanation of Governor Collins' ambivalent appeal offers itself: the Governor doesn't sit on the fence; he *runs* on it. He is always on the attack, always forthright, always aggressively positive—but it is never quite clear what he is positive about *doing*.

The result: in Florida, nothing has

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Drawing by Berger

Governor Collins

been done. Not even the most gradual plan for Negro school attendance at any level has been suggested by the Governor. And yet Collins leads the moderates.

Despite all the paradoxes, the Collins phenomenon may be simple. Governor Collins may not even know of Elmer Wheeler, the high panjandrum of salesmanship, but Collins uses Wheeler's motto: "Don't sell the steak; sell the sizzle." The Governor has been selling the sizzle, not the steak, to almost everybody on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Few others are as well equipped as Collins to play the governor as supersalesman, and few have had as much experience. At the risk of putting too fine a point on it, when LeRoy had been graduated, with honors, from Tallahassee's Leon High School, he became a clerk in a grocery store. His employer, Bernard Byrd, recalls: "One day when Roy was sweeping the floor, he broke a $1 glass container of goose liver. He bought a loaf of bread, made five sandwiches and sold them to the people in the store for a quarter apiece—making a profit out of his own misfortune."

As Governor, Collins has functioned so effectively as a salesman that Florida newspapers are likely to headline his frequent trips to the North to lure industry with: FLORIDA'S SUPERSALESMAN IS OFF AGAIN!

When he ran for re-election in 1956 (Florida governors cannot succeed themselves, but Collins was serving out the unexpired term of the late Dan McCarty), Governor Collins demonstrated that he understands the modern psychology of resort-state politics. It is not only unsettling to serious Floridians to do little more than take in the wash of tourists who, when *they* go back home are busy with the world's work, it is well known that an economy geared to tourism can be shaky in hard times.

Until recently, only Mississippi in the entire South had less industry than Florida. The southernmost state was almost a geographical prostitute, serving with a sunny smile but having only an accidental productive function.

THE greatest change in the Florida economy came during LeRoy Collin' first administration, and Collins himself was responsible for a large measure of that change. New industry began to flood the state, and the national magazines that had always been filled with truckloads of the usual Florida puffery also began to run articles suggesting that a serious person might very well live and work under the sun.

During Collins' campaign for re-election, he played up "The New Florida" almost to the exclusion of other issues, coming up with the platform that Floridians can understand and appreciate better than any other: public relations.

The most striking evidence of the hard sell at work during the campaign came during a state-wide telecast from Miami. Governor Collins was late, and for nearly ten minutes his supporters filled the time with talk of the national interest in Florida that had grown during the Collins administration. When Collins spoke, he devoted more than half his time to his state's fortunate position as the new industrial leader of the growing Southeast region.

Then an announcement by Howard Hughes that he would build a big medical research center in South Florida and an aircraft engineering plant somewhere in the state set the stage for re-election. Finally, when a Hughes associate told Floridians how lucky they were to have a governor like LeRoy Collins, there was no longer any question. Collins won in the first primary, the first time in the history of the state that had been accomplished.

THROUGHOUT both his administrations, the Governor has continued to sell Florida with astonishing dexterity. Nearly half of all the new businesses established in the United States from 1950 to 1956 began in Florida. And even Collins' political opponents admit that much of the gain had been due to the lean, graying, carefully pressed figure whose handsomeness would excite comment on a movie lot. Collins' voice carries an intense, emotional sincerity, and when he is tired it takes on a quality of earnest pleading. His description of "this good state, this great Florida that we must keep clean and decent and good" would sound platitudinous coming from another, but Collins is as fervently and honestly sincere about it in conversation with one person as he is while talking to a rally or flushing a covey of industrialists. He pronounces "Florida" as though it were a newly meaningful word, much as Adlai Stevenson says "*po*-litical." When he spoke to the influential Sales Executives Club in New York two months ago (he has become so well-known that the meeting was a sell-out, the largest crowd in the club's history), one newspaper reported, "Some 1,300 guests actually gasped. . . . They reacted with a resounding, standing ovation for Collins."

Carrying his ability to sell his state over to purveying his own brand of "moderation" has not only been easy for Governor Collins, it has been necessary. The state that hopes to lure industry can't afford race riots.

The cash value of Governor Collins' posture between the forces of segregation and integration was illustrated recently when a Milwaukee

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automobile battery manufacturer turned over to the Associated Press a telegram he had sent to Governor Collins. In the telegram, C. O. Wanvig, president and board chairman of Globe-Union, Inc., said his company would build a million-dollar plant in Tampa. The company's decision to establish the plant in Florida, Wanvig told Collins, "was greatly influenced by your courageous and statesmanlike efforts to resolve crucial issues. . . . Your leadership is helping provide a type of industrial climate which will assure continued economic progress and opportunity for the people of your state."

A good "industrial climate" certainly exists. The NAACP has been mollified by Governor Collins' forthright words; the White Citizens Councils can find no evidence that integration is anywhere on the horizon.

Governor Collins, it would seem, has flipped an axiom over on its back. Instead of playing both ends against the middle, he's playing the middle against both ends.

FOREIGN NEWS at WHOLESALE . . *Theodore E. Kruglak*

Rome

SYMPTOMATIC of what has happened to foreign-news coverage are the following bulletins recorded by *Editor and Publisher*:

> London, Oct. 4 (AP)—Moscow Radio said tonight the Soviet Union had launched an earth satellite.
>
> London, Oct. 4 (UP)—Moscow Radio said tonight that Russia has launched an earth satellite.
>
> London Oct. 4 (INS)—Moscow Radio reported the Soviet Union has launched an earth satellite.

The news was picked up by monitors for the news services in London and then flashed to the world. It was in this fashion that the news of the Hungarian revolt and the Israeli invasion of Sinai also came to the outside world. Where were the on-the-spot reporters?

It is true that several weeks before the Sputnik launching, the Moscow UP bureau reported a Soviet broadcast as saying Russian scientists would shortly take the first step into cosmic flight—but this was a report which could just as easily have been picked up in London.

In the Hungarian and Israeli situations, one might point out there were no American reporters permanently stationed in Budapest or Jerusalem. The Budapest offices of the Associated Press and United Press were manned by Hungarian nationals; the only outside correspondent was Canadian-born John MacCormac of *The New York Times* Vienna bureau. As for Israel, no American newspaper, radio network or news-magazine considered it worthwhile to station an American full-time correspondent there.

Does this indicate that we do not have enough foreign correspondents abroad? Or that the correspondents we do have are incompetent? Or that the news agencies are so involved in selling their news services abroad that they haven't the time or desire to dig for information? A professorial lint-picker, culling our press, could easily find enough material to answer all the foregoing questions in the affirmative, but a student of foreign reporting will find it more difficult to draw conclusions.

For example, it is a simple matter to say that there are fewer newspaper correspondents abroad today than there were in the '20s and '30s. But, delving deeper, you quickly see that this is not because newspapers have closed their foreign offices and fired their correspondents. What has happened is that many of the great newspapers of the past have died. I can think offhand of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the Boston *Transcript*, the New York *World*, the New York *Sun*—all with large foreign bureaus—and when they died their bureaus died with them. A cynic might conclude that the surest road to newspaper bankruptcy is to maintain a large and competent foreign staff. With the exception of the Toledo *Blade*, there have been no significant bureau openings abroad to balance these losses.

The losses are purely a newspaper phenomenon, and do not hold for the other mass media. CBS and NBC, which had no foreign correspondents abroad in 1932, now have larger foreign staffs than any American newspaper. Similarly, the newsmagazines, which once relied almost exclusively upon the news agencies, have expanded tremendously. And the news agencies have more than doubled the number of foreign bureaus in this same period.

ON balance, there has been an increase in the number of foreign correspondents. If you read the *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the New York *Post*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Baltimore *Sun* or the Toledo *Blade*, you are getting a full foreign service. Add to this the 200 or so newspapers subscribing to one of the news syndicates operated by one or another of these great dailies, and what you have left is the overwhelming mass of 1,500 monopoly newspapers which must rely solely upon the news agencies for foreign news.

Do we have enough foreign correspondents? I think the Israeli, Hungarian and Cairo experiences indicate that we do not have enough in the right places. We concentrate our forces in London, Paris, Rome, Bonn and Tokyo, leaving the rest of the world to the news agencies and local nationals for coverage.

But what about the quality of today's foreign correspondents?

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It is a mistake to think that contemporary correspondents have turned in their trench-coats for gray-flannel suits and that they sit around waiting for official handouts. Barrett McGurn of the *Herald Tribune*, George Weller of the Chicago *Daily News*, Russ Jones of the United Press, Joseph Dynan of the Associated Press, or any of the younger correspondents who have followed the lead of W. H. Stoneman, Harold Callender and Henry Wales in making foreign reporting a career and not a stepping stone to Hollywood or the lecture circuit, compare favorably with the glamorous correspondents of the '30s—the Fishers and Sheehans—when it comes to accuracy, initiative and courage. But to say that there are competent foreign correspondents to be found in all the media is to skirt the main issue. What about the foreign news received by the people in the thousands of Midtowns throughout the United States who rely almost entirely upon their local newspapers, radio and television stations for foreign intelligence. How well are *they* served?

IF THE newspaper reader in Midtown is not satisfied with the diet of foreign news in his local paper—and an International Press Institute survey indicates that 53 per cent are not—he can tune in on a local newscast.* If Midtown is typical, there will be, in addition to the monopoly newspaper, one or more local non-network stations of New York's WNEW type, as well as NBC, CBS or ABC affiliates. Here at least, the listener has a choice of news. Or has he?

At the breakfast hour, regardless of the network facilities with their world-wide array of correspondents available to him, the Midtown listener is likely to be tuned to the *locally*-originated newscasts. The local news editor (if the station is large enough to afford one) has incorporated a certain amount of foreign news in the program. The sources of these foreign items are the same news agencies and the same bulletins which are available to the local newspaper. No local station, whether affiliated with a network or not, has its own foreign staff. True, the network newscasts are serviced by large foreign staffs, and on some programs taped reports in the correspondents' own voices may be heard regularly. *But network newscasts have declined in popularity to the point where their audiences are much smaller than for the local newscasts.*

ALTHOUGH television from abroad cannot compete in speed with radio or cable reports, it is a growing factor. The necessity for scoring a ten-second beat over the competition, the eternal bugaboo of the news agencies, is not important here. Released from this pressure, the TV foreign correspondent is able to plan integrated stories and to cooperate in the production of documentaries which are the modern equivalent of reporting in depth.

The newspaper reader, to some degree, relies upon the news-magazines for his foreign news. But *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *US News and World Report* together do not reach more than 10 per cent of the population, in contrast with the almost complete saturation of radio and newspaper circulation.

It all boils down to the harsh reality of today's foreign news picture: the hard core of foreign news is still basically agency in origin.

The difference between wire-service coverage and that provided by individual newspaper correspondents is best summed up by quoting from the 1957 report of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association:

> Both in background pieces and in spot news stories, the AP foreign file seems more inhibited and less sure-footed. . . . in telling the reader what it's all about. It is as if there is a lag, with some of the foreign staff still struggling under the restrictions of a decade or so ago when the reporter was not supposed to explain the issue he was writing about, supplement it with corollary material or put it into perspective.
>
> One desk man observed this year: "A list of new cabinet members in France does not mean a thing, but an explanation of the forces they represent would."

The American news agencies are in a difficult spot. Critics judge the services by what appears in the newspapers. An Associated Press report may be a model of clarity, a synthesis of important facts relayed with almost lightning speed to thousands of clients all over the world, but if the telegraph editor in Midtown chops it to pieces, it is AP that is accused of omissions or inaccuracies. That is the cross the news agencies must bear.

TODAY, the American news agencies are directly competing in the sale of news not only with each other, but with three other international news agencies: TASS, the official Russian news agency; AFP, a French subsidized agency, and Reuters, a British agency of the AP type. In addition, there is a national news agency operating in almost every country in which the American services gather news. In most of these countries, the American agencies either have exchange agreements with the local agency or must sell in direct competition.

There is little point in discussing whether the American agencies trim their news sails to fit local winds.

*The I.P.I. *Flow of the News* study in 1953 indicated the following preferences in source of news: radio, 48 per cent; newspapers, 47 per cent; television, 24 per cent; magazines, 10 per cent. The American survey was confined to those who read at least one newspaper daily and consequently may have a pro-newspaper bias.

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What we do know is that a large part of the news-agency staffs abroad is there to service the foreign clients rather than to gather news for American customers. This has a definite effect upon personnel.

The foreign-bureau chief, who rose to his position because he was a good reporter, finds himself bogged down in the mass of detail involved in selling the news service, dealing with translators and local employees, and other affairs which have little relationship to news-gathering. These pressures, in turn, are transmitted to the news-agency correspondents, who must submit or quit. (There is no Newspaper Guild abroad to fight their battles.) When one considers the large proportion of news-agency correspondents who move to other media operating abroad, it is apparent that they are quitting not because they hate foreign reporting but because agencies do not provide them with enough scope.

In this respect, I think that the American news-agency situation in Rome today is typical. In a five-year period, two of the American agencies have had three bureau chiefs; the third has had two. During the same period, there has been an almost 80 per cent turnover in staffs.

I AM NOT attempting to picture the news agencies as monsters feeding upon our communications needs. The agencies filled the gap left by the inability, or unwillingness, of the vast majority of American newspapers and radio stations to send their own reporters abroad. The very nature of this global service requires the news agencies to be all things to all men, in essence an information "common carrier." This service is more than adequate for performing the "bulletin" portion of communications. What it lacks is the reporting in depth which only individual—and independent—correspondents can provide.

There are signs that American foreign reporting is coming of age; news agencies are beginning to "background" the news, to emphasize interpretation. It may be that the new blood which has crept into the top management posts in all three American news agencies is already taking effect.

If this surmise is correct, half the battle is won. The turnover in manpower of correspondents in the other media, which I noted in 1953, has slowed to a normal attrition rate. Foreign reporting is rapidly achieving status as an end and not a means to a different career.

The rest is up to the American public. If the reader is content with bulletins instead of real information, if he is happy with radio flashes, if he is unaware of the difference between a David Lawrence analysis of foreign affairs and an on-the-spot report of a Homer Bigart, then there is little point in having foreign correspondents. Radio Moscow can give the flash and George Sokolsky the interpretation—without wasting any money on cable charges.

CITY of INVISIBLE MEN . . *by Kay Boyle*

Newark, Delaware

RECENTLY I came down here in search of the invisible men. I had heard them spoken of all summer by Newark houseowners and real-estate dealers, and from the concern in their voices, it might have been invaders from Mars who were on their way. But everyone knew they weren't going to come on flying saucers, but driving cars, exactly like Americans. The trouble was that they would expect to live in houses, and eat in restaurants, and go to barbershops, and act like ordinary men. The rumor running from mouth to mouth said there would be two thousand of them: two thousand men that the citizens of Newark didn't want descending on this quiet university town.

By last week they had begun to arrive, George Wilson, a local builder and contractor, told me. He knew because his door was open to them, and they could walk in and have a meal, or just sit and talk, or meet with the C.I.O. field representative there. Not more than two hundred had come, George Wilson said, but the people behind store counters, or sitting at soda fountains, or riding in buses, talked of the army of them that was pouring in. That first night at George Wilson's house in the Negro ghetto across the railway tracks, a boy came to the back door and said that two of them had just been picked up by the police, and he gave George Wilson their names. When Wilson, a big man in slate-blue slacks with a blue shirt open on his dark, solid chest, came back into the room, he picked up the telephone and dialed. The hair on his chest and at his temples is going grey, his chin is certain of what he wants to do, and he has a clear, undaunted eye. "Bill, this is George," he said, his voice courteous, low. "I hear you just picked up two Michigan men. Now, listen, I know them. I've had them up here at the house. I'll answer for them." So I knew the invisible men were really there. "Some of them are sleeping in their cars," George Wilson said when he'd hung up. "They haven't any place to go at night, so they step into some hole-in-the-wall and have a couple of glasses of beer. And if they walk a little unsteady, or drive two miles over the speed limit, they get locked up. Nobody wants them here; they're set on running them out of town."

These invisible men — the men that nobody wants to see and whose presence the town wants to wipe away — have been transferred from Detroit to the Plymouth plant here. Chrysler's contract with the union requires, in the event any plant closes down, that the employees of that plant be offered work in an-

KAY BOYLE'S most recent novel is The Seagull on the Step.

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other area before new men are hired for the jobs that are open there. The wild-cat strike at the Newark plant took place the day after I arrived, and cars blocked the highway for a mile, and no one could say exactly what it was about. They would tell you that, until now, Negroes had held only menial jobs at the Chrysler plant, janitors shifting furniture or leaning on their brooms, and getting half of a skilled worker's pay. And now Negroes from the North were on the assembly line, and the rumor was spreading that they were taking white men's jobs away. No objection, apparently, has been voiced against the white workers Chrysler is bringing in from Detroit, perhaps 1,500 with their families.

"These boys I've got on my mind could walk into any bank in town and ask for a $5,000 loan to buy a car, and get it," George Wilson said, "but they can't get a nickel to make a down payment on a piece of property." They are sleeping in ten-dollar a week beds in dilapidated rooming-houses, the story goes, Negro exploited by Negro, American by American; or they are in jail, or they are drinking beer somewhere at night. But in the beer parlor, people are hostile, believing the Negroes are taking their jobs away and overcrowding an already overcrowded community. The real-estate agents each have an identical little book in which the housing areas of Wilmington and Newark are covered street by street. The integrated neighborhoods of Wilmington are shown, and the block-houses that are available to Negroes now, and the sections that may open up, say, in 1960 or 1965.

"I'VE BEEN a Negro all my life, and I thought I'd seen everything," George Wilson said on that first night, "but I've never seen anything like these little books all fixed up pretty telling us where and when we're allowed to breathe fresh air."

Some years ago, George Wilson put up a Negro housing project here, and the ranch-type houses with their well-kept sloping lawns might be the beginning of better things if he could expand his building plans. Last summer, Wilson's son, Dick, an instructor in physical education, drove me out beyond the Negro ghetto and above the town of Newark to show me a piece of land they hoped to get for a second housing project, but now this land has become unavailable to Negro purchasers. A member of the Newark Housing Planning Committee told me that any move to build Negro housing in the neighborhood of the Negro quarter would be blocked because of the run-down condition of the old houses there. "We want to put up integrated houses along the new federal highway that will pass to the north and west of the town," he told me. "White housing on one side of the highway, Negro housing on the other." So the highway will stand between white and black, he did not add, nor did he add that the highway will not be finished for three years, or even four.

But there is another side to the story of why the land that George Wilson made a bid for, and other land, is not available to Negro buyers. The Negro community must not be permitted to expand and prosper. George Wilson's housing project demonstrated only too well what new and attractive homes can do to Negro self-esteem. The Negro ghetto must be contained in all its ancient misery and hopelessness, and, from a safe distance, new white housing will encircle and isolate the festering sore of the Newark Negro community. Nobody says very much about the evening in July when a Negro family moved into a decent all-white neighborhood on the outskirts of Wilmington. The windows of the house were broken that night, and in the morning the family moved away. But the local League of Women Voters' Housing Committee says that the community is alive with wild rumors about Negroes moving into white communities. In one residential district, a vigilante committee has been formed, and democratic-minded householders have organized a "counter citizens' committee," and have sent to the Council of Christians and Jews for literature and advice on how to hold neighborhood meetings and talk over the problem rationally.

FOR several days I didn't see the invisible men whom the townspeople didn't want walking their streets and breathing their air. And then, on Saturday night, two of them came into the restaurant where the diners sit along a counter, and they waited near the door for two places to be free. They had no way of knowing that the owner of the restaurant had said he was letting Negroes in on a trial basis. If anyone objected, or if he saw he was losing trade, he'd change his policy. But they'd been briefed by the U.A.W.-C.I.O. Fair Practices' representative, and they knew they couldn't go to the diner up the street, or the lunchroom beyond the postoffice, or to either of the two hotels. They'd come from Detroit that week, they told us when we talked at the door, and they weren't finding things too easy, but maybe it would work out, they said, when they knew their way around. Back in Detroit, they had their own houses, and wives and children, and they hadn't found any place yet for their families to live here.

"But we've only been five days in Newark," they said, "so maybe we don't know enough to talk about the situation. You don't get to know about things right off," they said. They were smiling as they shook my hand, and I knew then they were not invisible. They were flesh and blood like any man, and not to be willed away.

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turned to new themes, found new heroes and villains. New magazines and anthologies sprang up, and whether they appeared in Moscow or in the provinces, they all exhibited the happy symptoms of the new current.

In its attempt to scotch the renaissance before it got out of hand, the party chose the popular and successful Dudintsev as the whipping boy. But his fellow-heretics were many, and highly respected. Recently, I tried to list the novelists, poets, critics, playwrights and editors who contributed to the new trend, and were therefore assailed by the party. I stopped when I began nearing one hundred. Among them were the poets Boris Pasternak (whose autobiographical novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, condemned in Moscow, is about to be published in Italy), the two outstanding women, M. Shaginyan and Margarita Aliger, and A. Yashin (attacked for his novelette, "Levers"). Among them were the novelists Boris Polevoi, Ilya Ehrenburg, D. Granin (whose short story, "Personal Opinion," created almost as much furore as *Not By Bread Alone*); V. Kaverin (author of the trilogy, *An Open Letter,* and an editor of the savagely criticized magazine, *Literaturnaya Moskva*) and the well-known writer, V. Tendryakov (condemned for his story, "A Tight Knot"). Also on the list were the playwright A. Shtein, author of a war drama, *Hotel Astoria,* and the editors N. Atarov (accused by a colleague of having refused to print in *Moskva* "a number of ardent, life-affirming, party-spirited works merely because the 'critical principle' did not predominate in them") and Konstantin Simonov, under whom *Novy Mir* became the leading organ of the renaissance. To Russian readers these names are the equivalents of the Hemingways, the Arthur Millers, the Trillings and the Edward Weekses.

One of the facets of the rebellion against party controls was the feeling that there was an ever-broadening gap between the writer and reality. "The prime function of our literature," a speaker cried at a recent writers' congress, "is to teach our people that this is a heroic era, and that the new Soviet man is a heroic figure." But it had long become obvious that the heroic era was accompanied by a great deal of dishonesty and that the new Soviet man was not always admirable.

"Socialist Realism" — the all-inclusive name of the party formula for the arts—was something noble and specific to Maxim Gorky. But long since it had become encrusted with clichés, and its shades of meaning now changed with each transfer of political power. Khrushchev himself, for instance, told this instructive little tale at his encounter with the writers at the Kremlin:

> Only with great difficulty did I succeed in saving so deserving a writer as Maxim Rylsky from sharp criticism for his poem, "Mother," which is imbued with deep patriotic feeling. The principal reason for the unfounded accusations . . . was the fact that Stalin's name was not mentioned in the poem. . . .

Obviously what is socialist Realism for Khrushchev was bourgeois nationalism for Stalin. How could a writer follow such mutations of meaning, and retain his integrity as a writer and man?

The renaissance of 1956-57, thus, was a revolt of Russia's own "angry young men" against party dictation of both subject and style; against the varnishing of reality, the mandatory optimism, and the glorification of the party and its leaders on all levels. And, thus, the tremendous shock produced by Dudintsev's canvas, with its mean and so dreadfully familiar images — the scheming and dishonest party and state officials, their mink-coated wives, the servile underlings, children fighting in the streets for the peel of oranges they had never seen before, the common people living on a diet of potatoes, the political frame-ups and, of course, prison. The favorite theme of the renaissance became what had always been the dominant feature of the daily life—the ordinary man's conflict with the heavy-handed and often corrupt bureaucrat. It was this ordinary man who became the hero of the new day—Dudintsev's half-starved inventor Lopatkin, who would not be bribed or intimidated, or the poet Kirsavin's nameless genius (in "Seven Days of the Week") who invented a new heart — to replace the old one which surrendered so easily to evil forces.

IN THE literature of the brief renaissance, party leaders alone remain sacrosanct. Dudintsev's villains are a deputy minister and a flock of bemedaled scientists; Kirsavin's are *"the functionaries/Who are happy to cut/The human hearts/From the Country."* Tendryakov, in "A Tight Knot," tells of rottenness in a district party committee, where three successive first secretaries are bunglers, the second secretary is "a stupid and vapid woman," and the lower party officials are "noticeably obtuse." P. Zagrebelny's story, "Kundia," is dominated by a scoundrel who graduated from an engineering school without having taken any examinations, acquired five medals without having fought in a battle, became senior engineer at a major plant despite his ignorance, and lands in the party apparatus, where he easily "makes his way."

"Idiots and cowards holding vari-

Song After Seven Glasses of Picasso

A woman made of wire
and double mirrors
and distances.
I make a sonata
for the idea
of the woman.

A man made of boxes
and bulls and
passages.
I make a cantata
for the idea
of the man.

A peace made of tanks
after a battle
of doves.
I make a canon
for the idea
of peace.

BUT

the wire woman
and the cubic man
can marry in an orbit
of virginals
and have a child
in green sharp minor.

I ring a gong
for the probability
of the impossible.

DILYS LAING

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ous army posts" are the subjects of stories and plays by Simonov, Shtein, S. Schipachev ("A Letter Without Stamps") and Anna Valtseva. The villain of Valtseva's famous "Apartment 13" is a retired colonel, a coward and anti-Semite, who lives comfortably in a three-room apartment while his neighbors are jam-packed into single rooms, and who had apparently something to do with framing an innocent man sent to prison for seventeen years. Valtseva has been accused of trying to "distract attention from the heroic life bubbling in our country."

FOR THE moment, the repression has succeeded. Simonov, Ehrenburg and a legion of others have recanted. The "liberal" magazine editors have been fired, and their successors have learned their lesson so well that future Dudintsevs are unlikely to see their heresies in print for some time to come.* Margarita Aliger, one of the most thoughtful and courageous figures of the renaissance, crumbled under the pressure. Khrushchev denounced her by name at the famous Kremlin meeting and, according to The London *Times*, she fainted and had to be carried out. Then in October she went before a writers' meeting to deliver this memorable and pathetic plea — a document for our days:

> I have had to live through several months of bitter thoughts, deep reflections and direct and merciless debates with myself. It has long become clear to me that I made a number of mistakes in my public work and, fully recognizing this, I have been in a state of inner depression and passivity. . . . I, as a Communist, accepting every Party document as something wholly and boundlessly my own, unquestionable, am now able, without mincing words or making reservations, without any false fear of injuring a sense of my own dignity, to say to my comrades that I actually did make the mistakes about which Camrade Khrushchev spoke. . . . I think I have succeeded in understanding the causes of these mistakes and even the fact that some of them are simply bound up with *my human nature, which, perhaps, somehow hinders me in my public work. I am sometimes inclined to replace political categories by moral and ethical ones. . . . Apparently I must now be much more exacting of myself.* [Italics mine.]

Who can cast a stone at an overwrought woman, who for a year now has been the target of a merciless attack and who is seeking to survive by going through the prescribed ritual of self-vilification? Will she be able to write in the future the magnificent poetry of which she was occasionally capable in the past? Will she go down in history as the most notable casualty of the suppressed Russian renaissance of 1956-1957?

For the moment, the Party has reasserted its absolute rule over culture. Yet it is deluding itself if it believes that literature can be permanently housebroken. The Soviet Union has become a mighty industrial nation, a world power, the home of 15,500,000 intellectuals by the latest count. Thus, enormous pressures, both internal and external, are being exerted on literature, as they are on Soviet society, thought and political institutions. The rebellion of the past year was a reflection of those pressures. And unless the Communist Party adapts its policies and methods to the new age, Vladimir Dudintsev will not be the last angry young man to rise against the task-masters of Soviet culture.

*Dudintsev himself has begun to make his peace. At a Moscow writers' meeting earlier this month he promised that his new novel, now in work, would portray "positive" heroes in "warm and attractive terms."—*The Editors.*

Leaper Into Vision

GREAT PRAISES. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. 72 pp. $4.

M. L. Rosenthal

WHATEVER it is that makes a "true" poet, in the old Platonic or the new subliminal sense, Richard Eberhart has it. When the god's hand is on him, the language pours forth, powerfully channeled, alive without bombast, rhythmically true:

> My golden and my fierce assays,
> My bold and sudden thunderbolts,
> My costly lights, have led
> me all astray. . . .

or

> It was a music of the altar deeps,
> Impersonality of the proving
> waters. . . .

If the poems these lines introduce do not sustain their initial force and rightness, that fact does not make Eberhart any less a "true" poet. Too many of his poems do begin in brilliant fashion, then fade into some forced paradoxical turn, or into the thick, guttered-out language of a conventional and semi-mystical piety, or even into tautology. Characteristically he is intellectual and abstract, but his driving conceptions are emotionally ignited by a visionary intensity. When the god simply sets him off and turns away, Eberhart—like Wordsworth in his more vacantly pensive moods, or like Shakespeare throwing away the closing portions of otherwise magnificent sonnets —loses not only the fusing fury but the original energy. Many a lesser poet, more accustomed to conserving whatever he has to work with, could tighten up a number of the endings in *Great Praises* so that the passion would be contained instead of dissipated. But though we should not quite forgive him his failures of self-criticism, it is quite likely that Eberhart needs to work as he does; that if he allowed himself certain kinds of "doubts," the greater successes, those poems in which we sense the god's presence at every moment, would be impossible.

Such a success is "The Roc." The fabled bird of prey that is the protagonist of this poem seeks to transcend its own mythical history and symbolism—

> The perfervid Roc, sitting
> on candle light,
> The moon's, inaccessible to night,
> Thrusting invention, as if he
> were human,
> Thought he could do anything
> in the world.

The Roc decides to teach mankind how to be free of fear and of feeling, and therefore of the suffering that comes with

> The inability to look at anything
> Explicitly, or straight enough
> to see it straight.

But as he starts to bring the cold intellectual light of his own being down to the world (or at least, contemplates starting to do so), he sets catastrophe

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in motion. The earth's bedrock buckles, and

His new dimension
Affronted the clear light of
the old moon.
The Roc then lifted up his
ancient wings
And flew, instinctively,
toward the dawn.

It is the old war in Eberhart's verse between the ecstatic, instinct-ridden subjective man and his other, intellectual-scientific self. But in "The Roc," with its ironic twist at the close which is yet perfectly probable and natural, we have a blazing dominant symbol that encompasses the whole problem more richly than any other this poet has used before; and he plays on it to the limit of his ability, as Yeats does with his Sphinx image in "The Second Coming."

If we read the weaker poems of the volume in the light of the strongest ones, we have the curious sense of watching an athlete trying again and again to clear the bar at a virtually impossible height. The form, and the potentiality, seem always superbly the same at the start, but only when the movement is most concentrated and unbroken can he make it at the end. Thus, "What the Senses Tell" breaks stride in the third stanza, falters into sentimental didacticism; "Seeing Is Deceiving," on the other hand, counterposes two kinds of mystical vision with absolute accuracy, and conveys the opposition to us in all its depth and confusing beauty. "Independence and Resolution," related in theme to these two poems, soars even above "Seeing Is Deceiving" in a vision of man's aspirations and their destructiveness, as well as their most creative forms. It strikes me as a precise, affirmative counterpart to the satirical "Society of Friends," which so deliberately echoes Wallace Stevens in its witty projection of the dependence on one another of man's ardent animality and his need for intellectual authority. Again, Eberhart includes as usual a number of poems on the theme of death. In the past, this theme has produced many of his most notable successes. Here, only the first part of "The Day-Bed" and "To Evan" go where they should go after the opening lines, and represent something new in the poet's work. In each, the central figure of the dying person forces a control comparable in its way to that of "The Roc." Abstract blather, of the kind uninformed by sufficient emotional grounding, is forbidden by the nature of these central figures, and two beautiful, tender statements result.

Other rare displays of virtuosity can be seen in "Theme from Haydn," remarkable for its modulations of mood and line; in the literally realistic "Sea-Hawk," which parallels in its final effect some of the work of Jeffers and of Yeats; in the Baudelairian "The Giantess"; in the morally subtle and disturbing metaphysical poem "Vast Intellect"; and in the two short crackling memos —"Fables of the Moon" and "Idols of Imagination"—by the poet to himself concerning the state in which to maintain his consciousness. "It is needed," he says in "Fables"—

It is needed to be quick
And deal the world out with a will.

Eberhart funks this task in his more ponderously didactic forays and in his occasional dear little poems on squirrels and the weather. But there are pieces in this book which approach pure realization. They deal the world out gloriously, then deal it back in again but keep it in its proper place; and they do so with the dream-laden attentiveness to truth, the quick interpenetration of spirit and knowledge—sometimes called genius—which is the hallmark of Richard Eberhart's finest work.

What Does Your Father Do?

He cries pretzels in traffic jams,
hot corn on 30th,
ices on Mulberry
and chestnuts in the Park.
My pop is the ol' clo' man,
the organ-grinder-monkey-man.
He sells pencils on the corner
and bangles in the subway.
The birdwhistle man.
Awning-fixer, walking tinker, simonizer.
My daddy—
he sings a blind song on a deaf banjo.
I love him so!

GEORGE BOGIN

Free at Last

THE NAKED GOD. The Writer and the Communist Party. By Howard Fast. Frederick A. Praeger. 198 pp. $3.50.

Robert Hatch

IT IS difficult to work up much appetite for the political history of a man who, though a self-styled intellectual, joined the Communist Party at the absurdly late date of 1943 and remained in its ranks for fourteen years. The reason for mentioning this book at all is that Howard Fast, today a thoroughly purified man, recalls his experiences in terms that only add to the aura of diabolism that surrounds the party. He is likely to be read by such moths as still hover around that flame and they should not be allowed to think that the attraction is necessarily irresistible.

Mr. Fast writes from the premise that only those who have themselves been Communists can possibly understand what the experience meant to him. This lends his book the air of a true confession: it was a decade and a half of waking nightmare; the writer knew that he was being destroyed; he yearned to free himself from this degrading servitude, but he could not break his chains. One gets the uncomfortable feeling that communism is habit-forming or that Eugene Dennis is endowed with a hypnotic eye.

A large part of the book consists of a tour through the author's hell. Notable sinners are shown at their labors, we learn that the party does not operate on democratic principles, that the "line" is more important than reason or decency, that individuals are expendable. Above all, we discover that the party holds artists in contempt and will insist that a novelist change his story to conform to policy, on threat of being unfavorably reviewed by the party press if he refuses. It is as bizarre an excursion as being led again through the intricacies of long division.

Mr. Fast's dilemma is clear. He would like to explain these fourteen years without admitting that the comrades played him for a sucker and that he hesitated for an awkwardly long time before finding the courage to admit it. So he creates a picture of himself as a man deprived of his faculties, a somnambulist who walked with eyes glazed until Khrushchev's secret speech supplied the magic word of deliverance.

That is all much too fascinating: Howard Fast's self-pride was at stake; he discovered, rather promptly, I suspect, that he had made a mistake of monumental idiocy and he was moved to rationalize hysterically in an effort to save his dignity. It is something at least that he now admits the error, and he does so in decent terms. He names no names, he accuses no one of having enlisted him, he asks for no cheers (well, only a few cheers) for his courage and will power in breaking free. It would be pleasant to welcome him home and not cast doubt on his lurid traveler's tale. But to accept his interpretation of those fourteen years makes the Communist Party too glamorous a foe. Howard Fast was trapped by his own ego—like a man who has staked his reputation on the assertion that the earth is flat, he required an abnormal amount of counter-evidence.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

SINCE the announcement was made that Leonard Bernstein will be Musical Director of the New York Philharmonic beginning next season, I have been pondering some of the strange problems that seem to go along with that particular post. I am glad Bernstein was appointed. In a purely subjective way, I am sorry that Mitropoulos had to step down, for, though I have never extolled him beyond the skies, neither have I felt he deserved the critical drubbing he has often received. But the straw of his resignation has been in the wind, and it seems to me that now, before the new conductor takes over full responsibilities, it is useful to ask just why the Philharmonic, among all major American orchestras, should lead such an uncomfortable existence.

One clue, it seems to me, can be found in the nature of the press response to the Philharmonic announcement itself. Nobody seems really glad that Bernstein has been appointed; no one seems sad that Mitropoulos is leaving. One might almost imagine that a brand of cynicism was involved in this unwillingness, on the one hand, to extend a modicum of sincere trust to Bernstein, and on the other, to say even a gracious *au revoir* to Mitropoulos. I think cynicism *is* involved, but of the most addle-pated and ingenuous kind, stemming from dissillusionment with a series of conductors who, under the brutal focus of nationally circulated New York critical opinion, and quite unsustained by the smallest amount of community, coterie, or general esthetic support, have failed to fulfill a false image of the conductor as the PRIME-MOVER of music, the REVEALER OF ALL MYSTERIES.

No conductor is any such thing. Toscanini was not; Monteux is not; Mitropoulos is not; Bernstein is not. These men are interpretive musicians, like any other. They differ from their professional colleagues only in that, within special areas, their abilities are more highly developed, their sensitivities and insights occasionally more profound. To attribute unfailing, heroic, transcendental qualities to them is to invite dissillusionment, and to lambaste them afterward out of pique is silly. Mitropoulos, when he led the Minneapolis Symphony, produced with it a dynamic, hard-driven and unyielding sound—the same sound he produced later with the Philharmonic. He also played a great deal of contemporary music—if I am not mistaken, more than any conductor in the United States. These two facts about his musical personality and his product were well known before he came to New York. And yet, with regard to programming contemporary music, he was hamstrung here; and with regard to his particular orchestral sound, an abysmal reaction set in. Why? It would seem that some of the very qualities for which he must have been hired were the ones for which he was later attacked.

Now Bernstein is coming. What can we expect from him as a musician and as a policy maker? For one thing, we can predict that he, too, will want to program a more telling proportion of contemporary and contemporary-American music. We can assume that in his own stints on the podium (which will account for about half the total season) there will be in evidence, at the minimum, a great deal of vitality. We can expect that, in his policy-making, there will be an element of community consciousness, a feeling of responsibility for the public's education and for honest, grass-roots hoeing which has been lacking from previous Philharmonic plans. We cannot predict that he will commit no musical gaucherie out of undisciplined high-spirits, or that he will outdistance on their own ground some middle-aged or old conductors, specialists in the standard repertory, who have had opportunities for contemplation and for practice in their art which Bernstein has not. But I think these latter considerations are less important than is the general healthiness of the orchestra's position in the community, its functioning as a socio-cultural institution.

IN MY opinion, the trouble with the Philharmonic, the source of dissatisfaction with its various conductors and with its very sound, does not have its roots in the orchestra at all, but in its unique predicament of being stationed in New York. In Boston, whose orchestra is constantly eyed with envy by New York musicians and critics, a concert is an event of accepted importance. The conductor and his musicians are esteemed as members of the social organism, and are supported both by the ranks and by their peers. In New York, a different situation prevails. The orchestra, not being a self-sufficient economic institution, has to fight against even its union to get the salaries it deserves. The conductor, whether he be outgoing or incoming (unless he was Toscanini, in which case everyone bowed in blind adulation) is offered no moral or community support; on the contrary, he is stuck up on a drafty pedestal and made a target for every passing stone. The city, although well able to do so, gives no support. Management, naturally, gauges the leeway it will allow the conductor's taste by the dollar sign and the box office: no consideration can thus be given to the minority audiences who make up the progressive element in a musical community. And, decade after decade, the orchestra gets no farther toward Parnassus than does the dollar-bound Broadway theatre.

Then, too, because the orchestra is located in New York and broadcasts transcontinentally, its concerts are subjected to cruelly exaggerated scrutiny. New York newspaper and magazine reports of its performances are circulated as far as the Pacific, and the immensity of this dissemination throws abnormal focus upon every note it plays and upon any faults of its conductor. Critical standards, as we are all fond of saying, are high here. Too often it is the attitude of "Show me; I dare you."

I AM glad that Bernstein has been appointed, not because I think he is going to out-Beethoven Bruno Walter or out-Verdi the memory of Toscanini. I am glad because, so far in his career, he has consistently demonstrated that he has a sense of music's place in the American community, and of the composer's place at the top of the pyramid. I expect him to give us performances of American music which have the ring of authenticity, as readings by all but a few European conductors do not. I expect him to use his unconservative imagination to wrest from his board of directors, from the media of mass-communication, and even from the municipality of New York, the means to underpin some decently progressive and continuous projects. I expect the young in mind to be able, for a change, to find sustenance in Philharmonic programs.

It is possible, I realize, that Bernstein was selected by the board of directors as a "personality boy" who could glamorize the Philharmonic and its box office. That would have been a wrong reason and an insulting one. But it would not necessarily be a handicap. For popular prestige could easily be made a lever with which to pry loose conservative wrong-headed attitudes that previous conductors have been unable to budge.

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Above all, and involved in my entire attitude, is the expectation that Bernstein will comprehend the dimensions of his opportunity and the kind of duty it lays upon him. American musical culture does not need glamorizers, sugar-coated pill-makers, or *enfants terribles*. It does badly need sober, cultivated musicians with serious esthetic missions and hard, practical heads. It needs native-born and trained conductors in important positions, and I should like, in another column, to discuss some of the reasons why they are not already there.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONE MIGHT call Karel Capek's *The Makropoulos Secret* (Phoenix) a thriller with a thesis because it purports to dramatize the undesirability of perpetually prolonged life. If that were all there was to it, one would have to find it a pretty silly play. Actually it is quite entertaining.

The reason for this is that the script is cleverly contrived as melodrama up to the moment when its "secret" is disclosed, but more especially because it has been amusingly and artfully directed by Tyrone Guthrie.

The play, written in 1926, takes place in 1911, when most of Central Europe was part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Guthrie has a penchant for the period—he set his production of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* in it—a feeling particularly for the theatre conventions of that day. He seems to feel some nostalgia for the innocent and corrupt time before the old continent exploded into its long winter of chaos—a nostalgia mixed with quizzical humor. "How charming," Guthrie seems to be saying, "how foolish, how colorful, absurd and gay it all was. Anyhow the playacting, all the gimcrack 'theatre' of it, was better than the gadgetry we are faced with now." So *The Makropoulos Secret* takes on a kind of greasepaint poetry which is a compound of caricature and tenderness.

The settings by Norris Houghton and the other elements of scenic investiture are most helpful, but best of all is the cast headed by Eileen Herlie as an opera singer with a very much "placed" voice, a persistent voluptuousness and the grand manner of boisterous behavior and ineradicable soulsickness. Very good too are Karel Stepanek as a Baron—impeccably disciplined in his decadence—Eric House, touchingly gaga, Conrad Bain and William Hutt.

IF William Inge's *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* (Music Box) should prove on reading to be less substantial than it seems on the stage, the difference will be attributed to the top-notch production it has received. But that would be unfair to the author, who in his own way is not only a consummate craftsman but a valuable artist.

The mark of Inge's method is its modesty. He never goes beyond his depth, he never promises more than he can fulfill, he ventures only into what he can master. He writes sparsely, almost laconically, but his choice of words and of situations is so shrewd that he makes them go a long way in creating a stage life far more potent than the written page may indicate. His work is very telling for us, too, because it is peculiarly American—in its setting and characters, in its sadness and humor, in its folksiness and in its Freudianism which is never pressed to the point of declamatory "revelation," but is tempered by a certain cautious optimism.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs is at once the slightest and the most complete of Inge's plays: slight insofar as no single character is more than a thumbnail sketch, complete in that the play covers a sufficient variety of people to give us a sense of Inge's origins.

The father, Rubin Flood, is a gruff, hearty Oklahoman of pioneer antecedents and memory. He is simple, ignorant, honest. His wife is a pure woman, a little too puritanical (from Pennsylvania) for reality. She tends to indulge her children and push her husband overmuch. Their little son clings to his mother's warmth, "hates people," avoids his crude papa and shows artistic tenderness—reciting "pieces" and adoring the movies. The seventeen-year-old daughter is afraid of the world, plays the piano, idolizes her father. The small townsfolk are getting rich and carrying their rickety prejudices over to their prosperity—strongly anti-Catholic and slightly anti-Semitic. The wife's sister is lower middle-class, a little coarse-grained, unconsciously bossy and frigid. Her dentist husband is decent, dessicated, squelched, hopelessly bewildered—he is one of the best-drawn characters of the play, well acted, wonderfully directed.

The play's main incident is simple: an eighteen-year-old boy, whose mother, a small-part movie actress, has abandoned him to the solitude of many military schools, takes the Flood girl out on a blind date. The girl, inordinately shy, tries to avoid going, but is pressed to it by her mother: the boy, half-Jewish, turns out to be well-mannered and thoroughly nice. He is trying to be brave about his loneliness and the anti-Semitism he encounters: he stutters and in other ways betrays an unconscious hostility, but he is fundamentally sweet. At the dance the Flood girl leaves him for a while because she is hurt by the notion that no one but the Jewish boy cares to dance with her. He is then grossly insulted for his Jewishness by a *nouveau riche* idiot, and commits suicide. The shock makes most of the family realize some of their own responsibility in the misfortune, and even more the need everyone feels to find support in the love and respect of another person in the dark that is always before us.

At the end of the play there is forgiveness and reconciliation all around. The father humbly begs his wife's pardon for having slapped her, the wife realizes that she has provoked her husband, the

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children who have been at loggerheads become tender with each other, etc.

I have oversimplified, but so does Inge—who solves difficult character problems in an almost moving-picture fashion by combining moral good will with gentle doses of psychoanalysis. He has too much taste however to do this crudely, but avails himself of the poetic or showman's license to foreshorten his benign therapeutics by the sympathetic reticence of his nonetheless pointed statements. So we have almost all around happy endings without cheapness or too obvious sentimentality. Yet the play is certainly sentimental in a way that prevents it from taking a more significant place in the realm of that creative realism in which Chechov was supreme and into which a few other American playwrights have stepped more courageously though often less surefootedly. Inge, I suspect, is intimidated by the inhibitions of our commercial theatre; if he were to dare more—even to fail (the morbid fear of failure is the spectre that haunts our stage)—he might rise to the greater stature of which I believe him capable.

His play has the enormous advantage of an excellent cast—Pat Hingle, Eileen Heckart and particularly Timmie Everett merit special mention—and the theatrically astute, admirably observant character direction of Elia Kazan. This production is one of Kazan's finest feats.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

WARNER'S *Sayonara* ("Goodbye," that is) is *Madame Butterfly* for the jet age, with two Cio-cio-sans and two endings, one tragic, one happy. Who says there is no progress in the arts?

In this adaptation of James Michener's Japanese baloney, Major Marlon Brando loves Miiko Taka, playing the "number one girl" of an all-girl vaudeville company; and Sergeant Red Buttons falls under the gentle spell of Miyoshi Umeki. The plot is provided by a stupidly savage colonel who will not have his men consorting with "indigenous female personnel," and whose harassments drive the sergeant and his wife to suicide. At the end, however, Brando and his girl are on their happy way home to Dixie—I would dearly love to see her pushing a basket down the aisles of a super-market.

The story, which also includes a general's daughter, who had come out to marry the heroic major, but who herself falls under the spell of a kabuki actor, is as coarse as a collander, and director Joshua Logan has tried to smother it in exotica. Scenes within various Japanese theatres—kabuki, traditional marionettes and the Matsubayashi Girl Revue, which looks rather like Oriental week at the Music Hall—and lovely shots of Japanese interiors and the Japanese countryside do give the picture visual warmth; they also stretch it out to two and a half hours. The true and only wonder of the film is the heart-stopping beauty of the two Japanese actresses. I have a suspicion that the army is right in thinking that this quiet, passive, adoring perfection is not the best thing in the world for boys from Altoona or Charleston, but these girls make the love of the story irresistible.

Red Buttons in his way is plausibly lovable, but Brando's major is an odd object for a great Japanese dancer to take to her bosom. He plays corn pone with West Point trimmings, and his speech has slumped to the point of pure novocaine. I understand that he is supposed to represent an anomaly—a Southern military character capable of thinking out his own problems—but what comes across is a soft self-indulgence that would scarcely attract Blanche Du Bois. Also the weight he has put on gives him an occasional disconcerting resemblance to Alfred Hitchcock.

CARL DREYER'S new picture, *Ordet* (The Word), arrives here adorned with The Golden Lion, Grand Prize of the Venice Film Festival. It is the work of Denmark's famous director *(St. Joan, Day of Wrath),* was written by Kaj Munk, a revered pastor-playwright and hero of the resistance, and concerns itself with Christian faith. The background is so impressive that it takes the viewer some time (maybe ten minutes) to realize that *Ordet* is a turkey. It is pretentious, humorless, obscure and the nearest thing to immobility that the screen has thus far achieved. It is photographed on Jutland, reportedly a land of rugged beauty, but the cameras are so leaden that you not only get no sense of the landscape, you are never even oriented in the small community of the story. Most of the scenes take place in a large, clean Danish farmhouse, whose bare white walls appear to fascinate the cameraman; the principal activity is coffee drinking.

The plot concerns the hostility between two Protestant sects, whose doctrinal differences are ever so subtle, but who so detest each other that great dismay is felt when the callow Romeo of one group aspires to the hand of a mousey Juliet from the other. The consumption of coffee rises sharply. One prominant character has been crazed by over-study of Kierkegaard (that's what the script says) and, imagining himself to be Christ, walks with a very measured tread, carrying small sticks and quoting from the New Testament with an effect of eery blasphemy. Toward the end of the picture, this fellow gets a knock on the head and his wits are restored to him. He thereupon looks in on his sister-in-law's funeral and calls her forth from her coffin just as the lid is to be screwed down. This puts an end to the sectarian backbiting, but it so confused and startled me that I left the place muttering and was escorted to the subway by anxious friends.

IT IS always a pleasure to watch Jean Gabin easing his way through a melodrama like a sleepy, aging but still predatory cat. *Razzia* provides a good deal of that sort of fun, for M. Gabin is at the focus of almost every scene. In addition, it allegedly gives an unblinking view into the cistern of the French narcotics traffic, but about that I can't say. Gabin plays a gangland production engineer, borrowed from the American syndicate to improve the distribution of dope in the Paris area. This assignment opens the way for an exhaustive tour of dreadful dives and an exposé of ingenious dodges that look a bit tricked out for the tourist trade.

Razzia is from the hand of Henri Decoin, who also made *Rififi,* but it lacks the style and satiric bite of the earlier film. Still, it is exciting in a seamy way, though I would give a poor mark to any American movie-goer who did not guess the super-surprise ending after the first half-dozen scenes.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, a canny outfit that can be counted on to produce a plum for the Christmas trade, comes up this year with *The Movies* ($15) by Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer. It is huge—9 inches by 12 inches, more than 400 pages, countless hundreds of brilliantly selected pictures from 1896 to 1954; if there is a dull shot in the book I didn't spot it. The text in this type of mammoth picture history is usually a mild paste of words intended to hold the photographs together. In this case it is sharp comment, intelligently organized and often witty. Mr. Griffith is Curator of Films at the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Mayer has been in the movies most of his life as a theatre manager, film importer, documentary producer and publicity man. He always claims to be a simple businessman and has been for years one of the industry's most observant and graceful critics.

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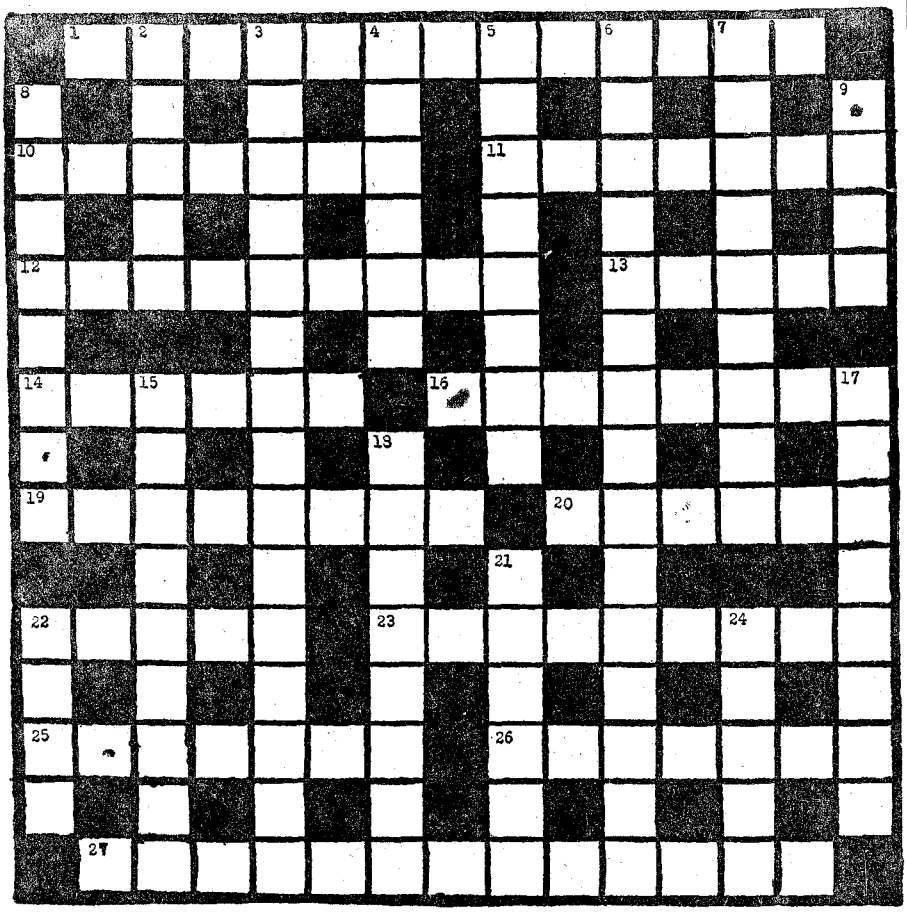
Crossword Puzzle No. 751

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One of these might be called aside, as the G. I. press was. (5, 8)
10 Having a strong liking for a disorderly room in what could be the country? (7)
11 Not the headgear worn by riot squads! (7)
12 A rather fishy clue. (9)
13, 8 down and 3 down Pigmy, except for the evening, would be rather short for it. (13, 11, 4)
14 Knotty, with obvious lack of medication. (6)
16 Those who have grabbed power in a pure form within the uncertain boundaries of the Soviet Union. (8)
19 Rose Marie's was Indian. (4, 4)
20 Cracks aren't right in the Civil Service. (6)
22 M or n, for example. (5)
23 Die between the hard part and a class for hard-shells? (9)
25 Care for the Nautilus, or be in opposition? (7)
26 When you enter the office, you might be. (5, 2)
27 The path of back-sliders. (13)

DOWN:

2 See 4 down
3 See 13 across
4 and 2 down Does the cut of this suggest smartness? (6, 5)
5 A rather unpretentious statement for the bold! (8)
6 Generally known family, perhaps, important in modern business. (6,9)
7 Reputedly rarely found in England. (5, 4)
8 See 13 across
9 Rye's evidently a continental flower. (4)
15 Lincoln implied one nation could be in this. (9)
17 What a station program does at times. (8)
18 Scotty might have a 50-50 chance of being a Stevenson character. (5, 3)
21 Follow the head of 16, in a way. (6)
22 The outstanding feature of one of Rostand's works. (4)
24 There's no poison around with the bacon gone — only the water is left. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 750

ACROSS: 1 HOWITZER; 5 SALADS; 10 VENUS; 11 BRASS BAND; 13 CAYENNE; 14 OFF-DAY; 15 PARTIAL; 18 ILLICIT; 21 EXCITE; 24 NAPHTHA; 26 and 12 DARNING NEEDLES; 27 ILL-TEMPER; 28 IMAGO; 29 HONEST; 30 REPRIEVE. DOWN: 1 HAVENS; 2 WONDERFUL; 3 TUSSLED; 4 EMBASSY; 6 ASSAYER; 7 AGAIN; 8 SUDDENLY; 9 MADCAP; 16 INTRICATE; 17 FIENDISH; 19 CUTTERS; 20 TRAMPS; 21 ENDORSE; 22 CARRIER; 23 IGNORE; 25 PYLON.

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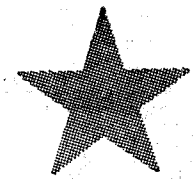

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